THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

Vol. I. *Baltimore, Saturday, February* 21, 1807. *No.* 8.

For the Observer.

BEATRICE IRONSIDE's BUDGET.

"SPEAK OF ME AS I AM."

As our able predecessors have always made it a point to let the public in some measure, into the secret of who and what kind of personages it might be, who took upon themselves the office of enlightening and amusing them, we cannot be in this respect less complaisant, than those in whose steps we humbly attempt to follow: and nothing doubting that much curiosity has been excited to know, what manner of woman our female editor may be, we shall proceed without farther delay, to satisfy our readers on this important question.

Mistress Beatrice, the heroine of this Miscellany, is neither ugly enough to frighten a fiery courser from his repast, nor handsome enough for the Parson of the Parish to turn aside from his discourse whilst he admires her beauty....In point of years she is old enough to have set aside some of the levities of youth, and young enough to remember, that she has had her share of them; for the sun has not yet revolved thirty times around his orbit, since she begun her journey through this nether world

Accident having thrown her much more in the busy throng, than generally falls to the lot of woman, she has thereby acquired a knowledge of human nature which will assist her much in prosecuting this her work. She is neither a misanthrope nor an optimist....She can contemplate the sportive gaiety of youth with delight, and view with no cynic's eye, the diversions and enjoyments natural to this charming period of life. The chief object of these speculations, will be to exhibit virtue and good sense in their most pleasing colours, and to lash with the utmost force of satire she can command, the vices and follies that fall beneath her notice. If in the course of her exemplifications, she should touch a picture with such lively strokes, that folly perceives its likeness, and is enraged at the dexterity of the artist, Mistress Beatrice must console herself with the reflection, that one of her greatest predecessors was often accused of personality, and she must forgive the anger so excited, when she remembers, that as she reads the word of wisdom to a good old gentleman every Sabbath evening, how often the conscious

blush of shame mantles her cheek, to see her own faults and weaknesses so truly delineated. If Solomon were beside her on these occasions, she certainly could not forbear taking vengeance on his periwig for the provoking truths he tells her, and yet Solomon in all his wisdom could scarcely have foreseen, that he was then depicting the future Mistress Ironside.

Mistress Beatrice therefore now gives notice, that her lucubrations will be no more directed against individuals, than were the wise sayings of the sage Monarch against herself..... and having once made this declaration, she will steadily pursue her course, unmindful of the frowns of great or small.... She happens to have been luckily so constructed, that she can turn an *iron-side* to the "proud man's contumely," (or woman's either)...and tho' she can return with cordial warmth the kindness and good will that may be proffered to her, yet insolence and neglect she knows how to endure with the happiest indifference. She will therefore, always take the liberty of laughing at the affected, the ridiculous and the vain, both in the lords and ladies of the creation, whenever it pleaseth her good fancy so to do; and the more fearlessly, not being very anxious about popularity...and moreover, agreeing with Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. that to be eager in pursuing is not the way. to obtain it.

Nevertheless, Mistress Beatrice if publicly attacked, will not fail to defend herself, and Porcupine like, she will always have a *quill* ready to dart at those who may assail her.

She invites all well wishers to the cause of general amelioration in every respect, who know how to wield the pen, to address her...and every thing that bears the stamp of merit, will be welcome to her Budget...perhaps some delicate stomachs in literature, may be shocked at the homely title of her page, but let them remember,

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
The other out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

"Tale after tale the listening ear detains."

THE PREDICTION.

An Austrian officer called the Baron of W***, who had served in the last war against the Turks in the Czleker regiment of Hussars, lived some time at B***. He loved to talk of the va-

rious remarkable events that had occurred in his different campaigns, we shall select the following from the number of his anecdotes, and give it as the Baron himself often related it.

In the spring of the year 1788, I left Miclas-Var in Transylvania, to conduct some recruits to my regiment, which was then in the neighbourhood of Orsowa. In a village near the army, lived a Bohemian sutler. My new soldiers who were very superstitious, asked her to tell their fortunes. I laughed at them, and by way of a joke, held out my hand to the gipsey. *The 20th of August,* said she, with a very significant look, and without adding another syllable. I wanted her to explain herself, but she only repeated the same words; and as I was going away, she called out to me again in the same manner: *Beware of the 20th of August*...it will be easily imagined that this date did not escape from my memory.

We arrived at the army, and shared in its fatigues and dangers. It is well known that during this war, the Turks made no prisoners. Their Chiefs had set the price of a ducat on every head that should be brought to their camp...and of course the Janissaries and Spahis did not neglect any opportunity of entitling themselves to it. This arrangement was above all, fatal to our outposts. There was scarcely a night that the Turks did not come in pursuit of heads...and their expeditions were conducted with so much secrecy and dispatch, that they seldom failed, and often at the break of day, we found a part of the camp guarded only by decapitated bodies. The Prince of Cobourg then sent every night a strong piquet of cavalry, beyond the centry guards to protect them. The piquets were composed of from one to two hundred men; but the Turkish generals provoked to find this productive retail commerce of their people interrupted, sent detachments still stronger than our piquets, and thus ensured them a more considerable profit.....The piquet service became so dangerous, that whoever was ordered upon it, found it expedient to settle all their worldly concerns before they departed.

Things were in this state when August arrived. Some battles which had taken place, had not altered the position of the army. Eight days before the 20th, my Bohemian, from whom I often purchased provisions, made her appearance. She came into my tent and begged me to leave her a legacy, in case I should die on the day which she had predicted; and offered if it should be otherwise, to give me a basket of Tokai wine gratis; this wine being scarce at the army, I thought the gypsey must have taken leave of her wits. Circumstanced as I was, it is true a speedy death was not very improbable; but I had no reason to expect that it would happen precisely the 20th of August.... However, I consented to the bargain; and promised two horses

and fifty ducats against the old woman's Tokai wine, and the auditor of the regiment took down the arrangement, not without smiling.

The 20th of August arrived...there was no appearance of an engagement...It is true that it was the turn of our regiment to furnish a piquet; but two of my comrades were to march before me...Night came; as the Hussars were preparing to depart, the surgeon of the regiment appeared to announce, that the officer who was named to the command of the piquet, had fallen dangerously ill. He who preceded me, received orders to reimplace him...He dressed himself in haste to join his men; but his horse, the gentlest animal in the world, suddenly started, plunged and soon dismounted his rider, who broke his leg in the fall. My turn was now come...I set off, but I will honestly confess, not in my usual spirits.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by a hundred and twenty from another regiment, which made in all two hundred. Our post was about a thousand paces in advance from the line of the right wing, and we had on one side a morass covered with tall reeds; we had not any centinels before us...But no one was to leave the saddle; our orders were, to hold our naked swords and loaded carbines in readiness, until a quarter before two...We then heard a noise, soon after loud shouts of Allah, and in an instant, all the horses in the first rank were overthrown by a sudden shock from seven or eight hundred Turks. On their side no fewer were destroyed, by the impetuosity of their own charge and the fire of our carbines. They knew the ground; we were surrounded and defeated. On both sides we struck edge and point, and fired often at random, so that I received seven or eight strokes of the sabre as well from friends as enemies; my horse was mortally wounded...He fell on my right leg, and fixed me on the bloody sand...the firing of the pistols alone lighted the butchery.

I raised my eyes and perceived my men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre amongst them. There was soon not a single Austrian standing...The victors seized all the horses that might yet serve, plundered the dead and wounded, and then set about cutting off the heads and putting them in bags they had brought for the purpose. My situation was not very enviable. In the Corps de Czleker we generally understood the Turkish tongue. I heard them hastening one another to dispatch before succours should reach us, that not a head might be left behind; and saying at the same time that there ought to be two hundred. They were then perfectly well informed of our force. Whilst they were passing and repassing every moment over me, and legs and arms and bullets were flying about my head, my horse received a stroke which occasioned a convulsive motion, my leg was disengaged and the idea occurred to

me that if I could throw myself into the marsh I might yet escape. I had seen several of our men attempt it, miss and be taken; but the firing had very much diminished and the darkness gave me hope. I had not twenty steps to take, but then I was afraid of sinking. I jumped however, over men and horses, and overthrew more than one Turk in my way: they stretched out their arms to seize me, and several strokes of the sabre were aimed at me; but my lucky stars and my agility enabled me to gain the marsh.....I sunk at first only to the knees.....I took about twenty steps amongst the rushes, and there stopped overcome by fatigue. I heard a Turk cry out: *"there is an infidel who escapes; let him be sought!"*...and others replied, *"in the morass, it is impossible!"* I know not whether they pursued the search, for the loss of blood threw me into a state of weakness, in which I remained for several hours; and when I recovered my senses, the sun was already high.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

Of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. and others.....Published at New-York.

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 107.)

In the territory of criticism, WILLIAM WIZARD, Esq. has undertaken to preside, and though we may all dabble in it a little by turns, yet we have willingly ceded to him all discretionary powers in this respect. Though Will has not had the advantage of an education at Oxford, or Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh, or Aberdeen, and though he is but little versed in Hebrew, yet we have no doubt he will be found fully competent to the undertaking. He has improved his taste by a long residence abroad, particularly at Canton, Calcutta, and the gay and polished court of Hayti. He has also had an opportunity of seeing the best singing girls, and tragedians of China, and is a great connoisseur in mandarine dresses, and porcelain. He is likewise promised the assistance of a gentleman, lately from London, who was born and bred in that centre of science and *bon-gout*, the vicinity of Fleet-market, where he has been edified man and boy, these six-and twenty years, with the harmonious jingle of bow-bells. His taste therefore has attained to such an exquisite pitch of refinement, that there are few exhibitions of any kind which do not put him in a fever. He has assured Will, that if Mr. COOPER emphasises *"and"* instead of *"but"*—or Mrs. OLDMIXON pins her kerchief a hair's breadth awry—or Mrs. DARLEY offers to dare to look less than the "daughter of a senator of Venice".....the standard of a senator's daughter being exactly six feet.....they shall all hear of it in good time. We have, however, advised WILL WIZARD, to

keep his friend in check, lest by opening the eyes of the public to the wretchedness of the actors by whom they have hitherto been entertained, he might cut off one source of amusement from our fellow-citizens. We hereby give notice that we have taken the whole corps from the manager in his mantle of gorgeous-copper lace, to honest *John*, in his green coat and black breeches under our wing, and woe be unto him who injures a hair of their heads. As we have no design against the patience of our fellow-citizens, we shall not *dose* them with copious draughts of theatrical criticism ; we well know that they have already been well physicked with them of late : our theatrics shall take up but a small part of our paper ; nor shall they be altogether confined to the stage, but extend from time to time, to those incorrigible offenders against the peace of society, the stage-critics ; who not unfrequently create the fault they find, in order to yield an opening for their witticisms...censure an actor for a gesture he never made, or an emphasis he never gave ; and, in their attempts to show off *new readings*, make the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. If any one shall feel himself offended by our remarks, let him attack us in return...we shall not wince from the combat. If his passes are successful, we will be the first to cry out a hit ! a hit ! and we doubt not we shall frequently lay ourselves open to the weapons of our assailants. But let them have a care, how they run a tilting with us...they have to deal with stubborn foes, who can bear a world of pummeling ; we will be relentless in our vengeance, and will fight "till from our bones the flesh be hackt."

What other subjects we shall include in the range of our observations, we have not determined, or rather we shall not trouble ourselves to detail. The public have already more information concerning us than we intended to impart. We owe them no favors, neither do we ask any. We again advise them for their own sakes, to read our papers when they come out. We recommend to all mothers to purchase them for their daughters, who will be taught the true line of propriety, and the most adviseable method of managing their beaux. We advise all daughters to purchase them for the sake of their mothers, who shall be initiated into the arcana of the bon-ton, and cured of all those rusty old notions which they acquired during the last century : parents shall be taught how to govern their children, girls how to get husbands, and old maids how to do without them.

As we do not measure our wits by the yard or the bushel, and as they do not flow periodically nor constantly, we shall not restrict our paper as to size, or the time of its appearance. It will be published whenever we have sufficient matter to constitute a number, and the size of the number shall depend on the stock in hand. This will best suit our negligent habits, and

leave us that full liberty and independence which is the joy and pride of our souls. As we have before hinted, that we do not concern ourselves about the pecuniary matters of our paper, we leave its price to be regulated by our publisher; only recommending him for his own interest, and the honor of his editors, not to sell their valuable productions too cheap.

Is there any one who wishes to know more about us?—let him read SALMAGUNDI, and grow wise apace. Thus much we will say...there are three of us, "Bardolph, Peto, and I; all townsmen good and true"—many a time and oft have we three amused the town, without its knowing to whom it was indebted; and many a time have we seen the midnight lamp twinkle faintly on our studious phizes, and heard the morning salution of "past three o'clock," before we sought our pillows. The result of these midnight studies is now offered to the public; and little as we care for the opinion of this exceedingly stupid world, we shall take care, as far as lies in our careless natures, to fulfil the promises made in this introduction;...if we do not, we shall have so many examples to justify us, that we feel little solicitude on that account.

CRITICISM.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

(Continued from page 105.)

In the beginning of his career, this seems to have been felt very forcibly by Marmontel himself, though his temperament appears to have been unusully joyous, and his manners extremely easy and prepossessing. Talking of the society at Mad. de Tencin's, which, at his introduction, was by far the most distinguished in Paris, he says...

'I soon perceived that each guest arrived ready to play his part, and that the desire of exhibiting did not always leave conversation the liberty of following its facile and natural course. It was who should seize quickest the moment as it flew, to place his epigram, his story, his anecdote, his maxim, or his light and pointed satire; and to make the moment opportune, the circuit they took was often unnatural.

'In Marivaux, impatience to give proof of acuteness and sagacity was visibly betrayed. Montesquieu, with more calm, waited till the ball came to him; but he expected it. Mairan watched opportunity. Astruc did not deign to wait for it.... Fontenelle alone let it come without seeking it; and he used so soberly the attention with which he was listened to, that his acute remarks and charming stories never occupied but a moment. Helvetius, attentive and discreet, sat collecting for a future day.' I. p. 317. 18.

We add the following paragraph, both on account of its connexion, and as it contains a character very delicately drawn and exemplified.

'Madame de Tencin, who, to obtain favour from the state, could put more springs in action both in town and at court, than any other person in the kingdom, was to me only a lazy old woman. "You are not fond of these parties of men of wit," said she. "Their presence intimidates you; well! come and talk with me in my solitude, you will there be more at your ease; and the simplicity of your disposition will accommodate itself better to my dull good sense." She made me tell her the history of my life, from my infancy, entered into all my interests, was touched at all my sorrows, reasoned with me on my views and my hopes, and appeared to have nothing else in her head than my cares. Ah! how much acuteness of intellect, what suppleness and activity, did this careless air, this appearance of calm and leisure conceal from me! I still smile at the simplicity with which I used to exclaim on quitting her; *What a good simple creature!* The fruit I gathered from her conversations, without perceiving it, was a more sound and deeper knowledge of the world. For instance, I remember two pieces of advice she gave me; one was to secure to myself a livelihood independant of literary successes, and to put into this lottery only the overplus of my time, "Woe to him said she, who depends wholly on his pen; nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes is sure of his wages; the man who writes a book, or a tragedy is never sure of any thing. Her other counsel was to seek friends among women rather than among men. "For by means of women," said she, "you may do what you please with men; and then these are either too dissipated or too much occupied with their own personal interests, to attend to yours: whereas, women think of your interest, be it only out of indolence.... Mention this evening to a woman, who is your friend, an affair, that intimately concerns you; to-morrow at her spinning-wheel, at her embroidery, you will find her occupied with you, torturing her fancy to invent some means of serving you. But be careful to be nothing more than the friend of her, whom you think may be useful to you; for, between lovers, where once there happens any cloud, dispute or rupture, all is lost. Be then assiduous to her, complaisant, gallant, even if you will but nothing more; you understand me." Thus, in all our conversations, the plainness of her language imposed on me so well, that I never took her subtle intellect for any thing more than ordinary good sense.' Vol. I. p. 369—71.

After the death of this extraordinary, woman, Madame Geoffrin collected the greater part of her society, and reunited it with several additions under her own auspices. The character of this lady is admirably drawn also; but it is too long for

insertion. We gratify our readers with the following portraits, more briefly sketched indeed, but touched with the hand of a master.

'Of this society, the gayest man, the most animated, the most amusing in his gaiety, was d'Alembert. After having passed his morning in algebraic calculations, and in solving the problems of mechanics or astronomy, he came from his study like a boy just let loose from school, seeking only to enjoy himself; and by the lively and pleasant turn that his mind so luminous, so solid, so profound, then assumed, he soon made us forget the philosopher and the man of science, to admire in him all the qualities that can delight and engage. The source of this natural gaiety was a pure mind, free from passion, contented with itself, and in the daily enjoyment of some new truth that recompensed and crowned his labours; a privilege which the mathematics exclusively possess, and which no other kind of study can completely obtain.

'Marivaux would have been very glad to have had this jovial humour too; but he had a business in his head that incessantly preoccupied him, and gave him a sullen air. As he had acquired by his works the reputation of a subtle and refined wit, he thought himself obliged to give perpetual proofs of this wit, and he was continually on the watch for ideas susceptible of opposition or analysis, in order to turn or wind them as his fancy dictated. He would agree that such a thing was true *as far as a certain point, or in a certain view*; but there was always some restriction, some distinction to make, which no one perceived but himself. This exertion of the attention was laborious to him, and often painful to others; but it sometimes gave birth to happy perceptions and brilliant flashes of genius. Yet it was easy to discover, by the inquietude of his looks, that he was in pain about the success he already had, or about that he was about to obtain. There never was, I believe, self-love more delicate, more wayward, or more fearful; but as he carefully humored that of others, we respected his; and we only regretted that he could not resolve to be simple and natural.

'The Abbe Morellet, with more order and clearness in a very rich magazine of every kind of knowledge, possessed in conversation, a source of sound pure profound ideas, that, without ever being exhausted, never overflowed. He shewed himself at our dinners with an open soul, a just and firm mind, and with as much rectitude in his heart as in his understanding. One of his talents, and the most distinguishing, was a turn of pleasantry delicately ironical, of which Swift alone had known the secret before him. With this facility of being severe, if he had been inclined, no man was ever less so; and if he ever

permitted himself to indulge in personal raillery, it was but a rod in his hand to chastise insolence, or punish malignity.

'Saint Lambert, with a delicate politeness, though a little cold, had, in conversation, the same elegant turn, the same acuteness of mind that you remark in his writings. Without being naturally gay, he became animated by the gaiety of others; and on philosophical or literary subjects, no one conversed with sounder reason nor more exquisite taste. This taste was that of the little court of Luneville, where he had lived, and whose tone he preserved.

'Helvetius, preoccupied with his ambition of literary celebrity, came to us, his head heated with his morning's work.... To write a book that should be distinguished in his age, his first care had been to seek for some new truth to publish, or some bold and new idea, to produce and support. But as new and fruitful truths have been infinitely rare for the last two thousand years, he had taken for his thesis the paradox which he has developed, in his work, *De l'Esprit*. Whether it were that by force of contention he had persuaded himself, of what he wished to persuade others, or whether he were still struggling against his own doubts, and sought to conquer them, we were amused at seeing him bring successively on the carpet the question that occupied, or the difficulties that embarrased him: and after having afforded him for some time the pleasure of hearing them discussed, we engaged him to suffer himself to be carried along with the current of our conversation. He then gave himself wholly to it, with infinite warmth, as simple, as natural, as ingeniously sincere in his familiar conversation as you see him systematic and sophistical in his writings. Nothing less resembles the simplicity of his character and of his habitual life, than the premeditated and factitious singularity of his works; and this want of harmony will always be found between the manners and opinions of those who fatigue themselves with imagining strange things. Helvetius had in his soul the complete contrary of what he has said. There never was a better man: liberal, generous without ostentation, and beneficent because he was good, he conceived the idea of calumniating all honest men and himself, by giving to all moral actions no motive but self-love. Abstracted from his writings, we loved him such as he really was, and you will soon see what a resource his house was for men of letters.

[*To be continued.*]

Lovers express themselves properly, when they talk of an exchange of hearts; for the enchanting passion but commutes the character of the sexes, by giving spirit to the nymph and softness to the swain; mutually exchanging courage and timidity with each other.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

" Illum non populi fasces non purpura regum
Flexit.————————————"

(Continued from p. 103.)

On the death of Lord Holland, in 1774, a new and memorable, epoch occurred in the life of his son. At the age of twenty-six, he now felt himself completely freed from all restraint, in the possession of an ample patrimony*, to which was added the reversion of a profitable place.†

The reign of the passions now commenced, and swept away his fortune in the torrent; he was also doomed, nearly at the same time, to be deprived of his employment; for having given offence to lord North, who was then first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, that nobleman formed a new board, and having mentioned this circumstance in a laconic note, added, somewhat ironically, "that he did not see Mr. Fox's name in the list of members."

Anterior to this period, the extraordinary talents of Mr. Fox had only been known to his particular friends, but a field was, from this moment, opened for their display, which finally led to the most astonishing results. Happily, he had not pledged himself on the grand colonial question respecting taxation independent of representation, so that he rose in the house of commons to debate on the subject of the American war free and unincumbered. He had hitherto but little studied the nature and end of a free government, in a political point of view; and on this occasion the author of the "Sublime and Beautiful," then in the zenith of his talents, was his monitor.

Never, either before or since, had such a constellation of talents appeared on the opposition benches of the house of commons. Barré, bred from his youth to arms, exhibited all the hardihood, of a soldier. In person and address like Ulysses, like him also he gained on his hearers as he proceeded, and at length extorted from a despotic minister, and a corrupt majority, a bill for appointing commissioners to detect errors which were never rectified, and institute reforms which were never carried into effect.

Dunning, the most celebrated advocate at the English bar, was also the only lawyer of that day who could argue like a

---

* The chief part of it, situated at Kingsgate, Dandelion, and Queiks in the ilse of Thanet, was sold to Mr. Powell, who had held a place under his father.

† The clerkship of the Pells in Ireland: this sinecure was purchased by the present Earl of Liverpool.

statesman in the house of commons. To the surprize of all, and perhaps of none more than himself, he proved victorious in one memorable instance, for he brought a compliant parliament to vote a libel on itself, in consequence of the declaration, "that the influence of the crown had increased, was increasing and ought to be diminished."

Saville, by the excellence of his character, no less than the extent of his property, contributed not a little to the common cause. He would have been respected as a good orator, had he not possessed the more transcendant praise of being a good man.

Burke, one of the most accomplished speakers of his age, without possessing the advantage of either birth, or fortune, deservedly attained a high degree of celebrity, by his learning and his talents. The treasury bench appeared to tremble under the thunder of his eloquence while royalty itself was shorn of half its splendor, in consequence of his economical reforms. He argued against the American war, chiefly on the ground of its impolicy: but Fox, young, bold, and impetuous, attacked it on account of its injustice. Liberated, at length, from the seductions of wine and of play, he rose with a giant's might, and being armed with the better cause, his adversaries, although arrayed in all the power and influence of the state, appeared but as pigmies before him. The friend and associate of Camden, of Chatham, of Shelburne, and of Portland, who supported the same cause in the house of peers, he was already considered as the second man of the Whig party, and in reality was the first: for he, who excelled others, was alone entitled to direct them.

At length all the predictions of Mr. Fox and his associates were fully and fatally verified; for Burgoyne was captured, Cornwallis was obliged to capitulate, and France and Holland having become parties in the struggle, the contest itself became unpopular in the extreme. Lord North confounded, overwhelmed, and almost driven to despair, was now obliged to resign; but he did not, like former ministers, take refuge in the house of peers; on the contrary, he remained in the midst of his partisans, who still formed a numerous band, braved all the clamours of his adversaries, defied their threats, and declared himself ready to meet any inquiry they might wish to institute.

Mr. Fox obtained the office of secretary for foreign affairs, in the spring of 1782, while the marquis of Rockingham, the most uniform honest and upright statesman whom we have possessed since the revolution, was nominated first lord of the treasury. Much was expected from, and much, it must be owned, was performed by a ministry, the most respectable of any that has been seen in England during the present reign. But the sudden death of the nobleman just mentioned, at once afflicted the nation and divided the friends of liberty,

while the exminister and his adherents knew how to derive advantage from the storm, and reap benefit from the dismay that unhappily ensued.

A dispute, as had been foreseen, immediately took place about who should succeed as first lord of the treasury. The candidates were, lord Shelburne, afterwards marquis of Lansdowne, and the present duke of Portland; the favour of the king made the interest of the former preponderate, and a schism having ensued, Mr. Fox retired in disgust. As the earl of Chatham was accustomed to observe "that he would never be responsible for actions which he did not direct," so the secretary of state, when he withdrew, remarked "that he had determined never to connive at plans in private, which he could not publicly avow."

What those *plans* may have been, we are left to guess. We have reason to believe, that the only ostensible dispute in the cabinet was relative to the independence of America, which Mr. Fox wished to grant as a boon. While lord Shelburne desired to confer it in the manner of a bargain: the secret, and perhaps leading cause, on the present occasion, originated in friendship to the duke of Portland, then a very popular nobleman, whose exclusion had produced the most fatal jealousies among the best friends of liberty.

Mr. Fox now resumed his old seat, facing the treasury bench, while his former colleague, the earl of Shelburne, was busied in concluding a peace with France, Spain, Holland, and the United States of America. This nobleman, although possessed of great talents, forgot to adopt the most obvious means for ensuring his own safety. In the first place, he did not call a new parliament, and in the next, he omited to secure the immense advantages resulting from the press, which in a free country, will always influence, if not govern, the nation. But even as it was, he would have triumphed, but for a most odious as well as impolitic coalition, supposed to be bottomed on ambition alone, and destitute of any common principle of union.

(To be continued.)

For the Observer.

POLITICAL....No. III.

AUSTRIA.

(Concluded from p. 111.)

During the consulship of Buonaparte, Austria committed another act of imprudence and weakness not less pernicious. It was in permitting a number of nobles and officers of the army to go to Paris, and basely add to the crowd of slaves who offered incense to the *idol,* and thus bring with them and diffuse all over Germany, opinions most calculated to change the public mind and diminish the courage of the Austrian armies.

Very soon the dignity and security of all Germany was eminently endangered, by the arrestation of the duke D'Enghien; the death of this unfortunate prince, was however suffered to pass without public reclamation on the part of Francis II. notwithstanding his being by his title and by his oath, guarantee of the privileges of the Germanic body. And what did he obtain for the price of this consummate baseness?...The delusive title of Emperor of Austria; as if this new title could be in any respect whatever, advantageous to him, or could in any way, counterbalance the immensity of power, popularity and influence which the title of *Emperor* might give to the man, who already reigned arbitrary in France over thirty millions of inhabitants, and an army of 600,000 Janissaries, who breathed only war, and whose souls glowed with ambition.

To attack Buonaparte, when on the ever disastrous day of his coronation, he had to the title of conqueror added all those which most impose on the multitude, and when by the death of Georges and Pichegru, and by the proscription of Moreau and his partizans he had inspired universal terror, this was an act of imprudence of which the battles of Austerlitz and Ulm, have sufficiently shewn the extent.

I stop at the peace of *Prague*, for henceforth, whatever may be the conduct and the fate of Austria, it would be unjust to comment on her decisions, since she is no longer mistress of herself, and must in future be governed and directed by the force of events.

But I cannot help expressing what I so profoundly feel, that the present disasters of Austria have been occasioned by herself, and that since the murder of the emigrants, massacred in crowds, without reclamation or reprisal on her part, even to the assassination of the duke D'Enghien, which also was left unrevenged; all this blood returns as a malediction upon her head, who might and ought to have stopped its effusion but, who had not the greatness to avenge it, nor was worthy even to wish its retribution.

M. A.

ERRATA.

In the last number, p. 110, for '*Villot,*' read, *Willot*.....For '*was since,*' read, *had been.*

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

On the arrival of king Joseph in Naples, several persons in that city, in order to ingratiate themselves with the new sovereign put up his arms over their doors, and their names underneath as tradesmen to his majesty. In this race of loyalty the public executioner was not the last, for he put up—"G. Tessoni, *hangman* to Joseph."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Observer.

Hail ! calmly pleasing solitude !
The joy and solace of the good,
Grant me thy rural shade !
To taste thy silent sweet repose,
Thou sacred balm of human woes,
I seek the peaceful glade.

Ah ! what are life's deceitful joys,
But transient, frail and gilded toys,
And fraught with grief and pain !
Let some the gloomy mine explore,
And eager seize the glitt'ring ore,
I hate its slavish chain.

The bloom of youth, Apollo's grace,
Unblemish'd honor, noble race :
The new born blushing May,
With her train of roseate bowers,
Painted fields and blooming flowers
And skies with splendor gay,

No pleasures yield the anxious breast,
In which contentment finds no rest,
And every passion swells ;
But the lone Shepherdess who roves
Th' enamel'd plains or verdant groves,
Or in the cottage dwells,

More happy far enjoys her lot,
Contented with her humble cot,
The boast of youth and health ;
By no keen poverty oppress'd,
And in the happy ignorance blest,
Of misery and wealth.

Kind nature's gifts each want supply,
Her bosom feels no struggling sigh,
Perplex'd with false desires;
And wholesome milk and honied food,
The luxury of the chrystal flood,
And joy that never tires.

In vain dark clouds obscure the skies,
In vain the livid light'ning flies,
To daunt the tranquil maid ;
Secure in poverty to live,
Unreal wants no tortures give,
Her pleasures never fade.

But if alas ! is seen a tear,
And the fond nymph is known to care,
'Tis when the tyrant love,
In some fair Shepherd's form is seen,
To graceful move upon the green,
Or thro' the forests rove.

And if this swain should kindly smile,
And of each care the hours beguile,
And Hymen's torch should blaze ;

The happy nymph with all possess'd
That Heav'n can give to make her bless'd,
Enjoys her tranquil days. JAQUES.

SELECTED.

BLESS MY HEART, HOW COLD IT IS!!

Now the blust'ring Boreas blows,
See all the waters round are froze!
The trees that skirt the dreary plain,
All day a murm'ring cry retain:
The trembling forest hears the moan,
And sadly mingles groan with groan:
How dismal all from east to west,
—Heaven defend the poor distress'd—
Such is the tale,
Thro' hill and vale,
Each trav'ller may behold it is;
While low and high
Are heard to cry,
Bless my heart, how cold it is!

Humanity, delightful tale,
While we feel the winter gale,
May the high peer in ermine coat,
Incline the ear to sorrow's note:
And where, with misery's load opprest,
Some fellow creature lies distrest,
Full ample let his bounty flow,
To sooth the bosom chill'd with woe:
In town or vale
When'ever the tale
Of real grief unfolded is,
O may he give
The means to live,
To those who know how cold it is.

And now ye sluggards, drones, and beaux,
Who dread the breath that winter blows,
Pursue the counsel of a friend,
Who never found it yet offend;
While winter deals its frost around,
Go face the air and beat the ground,
With cheerful spirits exercise,
'Tis here health's balmy blessing lies:
On hill or dale,
Tho' sharp the gale,
And frozen you behold it is;
The blood shall glow,
And sweetly flow,
And you'll ne'er cry how cold it is.

(London Paper.)

The price of this paper is FIVE DOLLARS per ann. to be paid in advance.

Printed and Published (for the Editor) by *Joseph Robinson*, 4 North Charles-street, Baltimore, where subscriptions and communications will be received.